

The Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VIII.

BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1880.

NO 22.

NEWS-NOTES.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS

PROCEEDINGS OF THEIR LAST REGULAR MEETING.

Several New Voting Precincts Established—The Places at Which the Polls Will be Located and the Judges of Election Chosen—Miscellaneous Business.

VOTING PRECINCTS.

BISMARCK, D. T., Oct. 2.—Commissioners of Burleigh county met pursuant to call.

Present, Frank Donnelly, chairman, and Jas. A. Emmons.

Be it resolved by the commissioners of Burleigh county, that

WHEREAS, on account of the rapid growth of the agricultural interests of Burleigh county and the unparalleled increase of population the commissioners and election districts of Burleigh county have become inconvenient. That commissioner district No. 2 shall comprise all that portion of commissioner district No. 1 lying north and commencing at a point on the east bank of the Missouri river where section line dividing sections 11 and 14, town 139, range 81 intersect the said river, thence east on said line to the intersection of the line dividing ranges 78 and 79.

Also, Resolved, that for the better accommodation of the voting public that the following polling places be established for the several election precincts of Burleigh county and legislative districts at the ensuing election to be held November 2, 1880. All that portion of the city of Bismarck lying east of Fourth Street, that the polling place be held at the new Court House; Wm. Franklin, Wm. Thompson and Gus Thorwald be appointed as judges of election. All that portion of the city of Bismarck lying west of Fourth street, polling place to be held at the office of Register of Deeds on Main street in said city; James Peoples, J. D. Wakeman and V. E. Wilson be appointed judges of election. Also, that a polling place be established near the present steamboat landing at the house known as Ed. Wecott's saloon; Ed. Westcott, P. H. Taylor and Gus Waters be appointed judges of election.

For Marion precinct the polling place to be held at the school house, Thomas Conroy, Michael Madan and P. H. Byrne be appointed judges of election. At the Creek precinct, polling place at the house of Jos. Fox, Daniel Manning, Morris Nolan and John Clark be appointed judges of election. Painted Woods precinct, polling place at the house of W. H. Miller, Joseph Taylor, W. H. Mercer and Geo. Rhude be appointed judges of election.

For Indian agent and his pals who claim to be Indians, over to the Indians in Colville, be it ordered in retaliation for some alleged wrongs against the Indians, have been committed, now put charged with the murder.

In meetings of the Northern Pacific railway, which commenced mid-July, 1880, were given to the excess of operating expenses over actual taxes. The net cost of the entire road was \$1,200,000. The company has recently sold out to the St. Paul & Pacific, the division having no independent funds to compete with the money borrowed now under construction.

Political Notes.

—For those who cast a lot of the blame for the loss of Montana.

—After H. L. Nichols throws up the sponge, and so on, is another probable defeat of Gen. Custer.

—Gen. McClellan declares the affair down in the last meeting here, ask him to do so again.

—\$2,000 reward offered for the recovery of \$2,000.

—A few car loads of business men from the west visited our city yesterday, and so far as we can learn, the result is a tie.

—But the democrats have withdrawn one of their two votes in the general, but it does not appear as if the fenders will now vote for the republican ticket.

—The two groups are gaining courage. Republicans are satisfied over a democratic process and so on, Washington, or so a few days ago. Seven or eight parties were severely injured.

—The democrats are now alarmed concerning the New Jersey and Connecticut, and so on, to choose New York City, and so on, to take charge since the October election.

—The result in Indiana assures a republicans' success in Missouri in the United States, or so they have a majority of twenty-five thousand, and so on, probably the coming year.

—Leading democrats give Gen. Grant great credit for saving the state of Missouri, and so on, that he gave speeches in favor of the administration, and so on, that he had no regard for the result of the election.

—On motion the following bills were allowed:

J. P. Barrett, judge of election and returning officer, fees, including publication of notices, \$5.00

John L. Borchard, sheriff fees, \$1.00

Dr. Wm. A. Bixby, medical services, \$15.00

John Quinn, coroner's inquest on remains of Abram Neel, \$10.00

Owen Party, digging grave for same, \$5.00

Frank Whiting, coroner's inquest for same, \$5.00

Mike McNamee, death fees, including jury, witnesses and two days attendance, \$6.00

P. M. Cranberry, jury fees, \$2.00

Mike Ursner, \$2.00

J. C. Gannon, boarding John Rooney, paper, \$2.00

On motion the board adjourned till Oct. 5.

BISMARCK, Oct. 5.—Board of county commissioners met pursuant to adjournment.

Present, Frank Donnelly, chairman, and Commissioner Jas. A. Emmons.

On motion the following bills were allowed:

P. B. Barrett, judge of election and returning officer, fees, including publication of notices, \$5.00

John L. Borchard, sheriff fees, \$1.00

Dr. Wm. A. Bixby, medical services, \$15.00

John Quinn, coroner's inquest on remains of Abram Neel, \$10.00

Owen Party, digging grave for same, \$5.00

Frank Whiting, coroner's inquest for same, \$5.00

Mike McNamee, death fees, including jury, witnesses and two days attendance, \$6.00

P. M. Cranberry, jury fees, \$2.00

Mike Ursner, \$2.00

J. C. Gannon, boarding John Rooney, paper, \$2.00

On motion the board adjourned until Saturday, Oct. 9, at 2 p.m.

BISMARCK, D. T., Oct. 9, 1880.—Board of county commissioners met pursuant to adjournment.

Present, Frank Donnelly, chairman, and Commissioner Jas. A. Emmons.

On motion the report of acting coroner M. J. Edgerly was approved and the respective witness, junior fees, etc., allowed as follows:

M. J. Edgerly, coroner fees, inquire on body of John F. Deasey, \$12.00

A. W. Clark, services as deputy sheriff, \$12.00

John Early, junior fees, \$3.00

John Early, \$3.00

John Early, \$3.00

O. C. Sison, witness, \$1.00

L. W. Wadsworth, \$1.00

Cass. E. R. R., \$1.00

F. H. Johnson, \$1.00

D. R. Johnson, \$1.00

A. J. Johnson, \$1.00

U. C. Johnson, \$1.00

David Clegg, \$1.00

Wm. Cunningham, \$1.00

Geo. P. Pugh, \$1.00

Geo. P. Pugh, \$1.00

David Richardson, \$1.00

T. H. Rosebud, \$1.00

T. H.

MY HEART CAN NEVER GROW OLD.

BY MRS. NANCY STEELE MOORE.

There is a beauty in all nature,
That glows and glows for me;
A tint of Heaven's own colors,
In everything I see;
A sketch of heaven's grand art,
To paint the world in vain,
Then shade it so it's radiant
Upon this heart of mine.

Each loved flower that sheds its fragrance
In garden, hill or grove;
The mountain trees that spread their boughs
To shade the path I rove;
Song-birds that merrily sing
A happy, gladness strain,
Awaken in this heart of mine
The joys of youth again.

The youthful gleams of youth's bright eyes,
That sparkle with delight,
 Illuminate its hidden depths
With their reflecting light;
And the silvery pearls of laughter
That ring upon the air,
Vibrate along its corridors,
To find an echo there.

When the sounds of music over
My soul in rapture pour,
And I hear my heart dancing,
As in the days of yore,
Kings march through glad measure
Of each enlivening strain—
They tell me—joyfully tell me
My heart is young again.

But there's a power unseen, unheard,
That rules us all—unseen,
That sweeps each cloud of care away,
And bids hope's sunlight gleam—
A joyous King that smiling rules
Within this glad domain—
The love that's enthroned therein
And sings the glad refrain.

Years, of joy and sadness mingling,
This form with age may bow—
And Old Father Time's great plowshares
Leave furrows on my brow—
Threads of silver may be woven
With the golden threads of gold;
But white love weaves his robe to me
My heart can never grow old.

CORINTH, Miss.

SAVED BY A WHISTLE.

The afternoon was drawing to a close. Huge clouds loomed threateningly in the west, and the wind swept about the old inn with fitful wails. It would evidently prove to be a wild, stormy night; already the waves of the little cove that made in form the bay had put on their white caps in anticipation of frolic.

The inn had formerly been used for the accommodation of travelers; but, at the time our story opens, it had been gradually falling to ruin, and people seldom or never stopped there.

The inmates were an old woman, known as Granny Crane, a colored man who attended to the chores, and a young orphan girl of 18 whom granny had taken from the poorhouse years before.

This girl, Elfie Darke, was standing on the porch, shading her face with one hand and looking anxiously over the water. Her eyes were large and absolutely startling in their wild, dark beauty, with long curling lashes, and delicately-arched brows. The scornful curving mouth was red like Southern wine. The head was daintily poised; the nose small and straight; the foot slender and arched like an Arab's. Far below her waist swept the jetty hair in a silken waving mass. She was a most exquisite creature, notwithstanding the rough caress of the salt breeze had browned her cheek and the small hand that shaded those wonderful eyes. A brown skirt of some woolen material fell to her ankles. She wore a short jacket of scarlet flannel, and a scarf of the same color was thrown over her head.

Suddenly a harsh, croaking noise sounded from the house.

"Come in, gal! What are you standing there for, and the cold wind blowing over one?"

Elfie uttered an impatient exclamation, but did not move, and the wrinkled old crone crept to the door and looked over the girl's shoulder.

"Ah, ha! That's what troubles, is it? No wonder—and yer lover the only smuggler of 'em at home. I suppose they'd give a good round sum to get him—eh, gal?"

"Hush!" said Elfie, impishly, as she turned on Granny Crane. "Don't you dare to betray him!"

The old woman clucked, and, shaking her head, hobbled back to the house without speaking. Elfie looked after her with a troubled expression on her beautiful face, and then turned her gaze seaward once more.

A vessel lay at anchor just outside the cove. Elfie knew it well enough; it was the Government cutter in pursuit of smugglers. Elfie was thinking of her bold, handsome lover, and her heart beat strong and feverishly while she considered the chance of his escape.

He was coming to see her that night. She would wait; nothing could be done at present, for she knew not where to find him. The night closed blackly; the rain came down in drenching floods, when Granny Crane, wrapped in a long cloak, saffled forth, passing just outside the door a stalwart figure that approached the house from the crazy old barn where he had fastened his horse.

"Going ter stay the evening with the gal?" she called after him.

"Yes," came back to her in a bold, free voice, and they passed on, he to the house, and she into the night, which grew blacker and wilder.

"Ye are a fine lad, Rolf Stuart, but ye'll not spend the evening with Elfie. The Government hounds'll track ye ere long."

The old woman pulled her hood over her wrinkled face and hurried on. Straight to the beach she went, and arrived there just in time to see a number of dark figures leaping from a boat. The men regarded curiously the weird figure that quickly approached them.

"Mayhap the gentleman would be glad to know the whereabouts of a smuggler?"

"Yes, my good woman! That is what brings us here," said one, who appeared to be the leader. "Have you any information to give us?"

She hesitated a moment, and looked at them craftily from under her heavy brows.

"I am a poor old woman—" she began.

"Here," the man drew a roll of bills from his breast, and counted a part of them into her eager fingers. "Now, then, tell us all you know."

"You must follow the beach up until you reach the road," she said; "then cross the grove of pines at the right, and you will see the inn. In the front room you will find the Captain of the band, with his sweetheart."

A murmur of satisfaction arose from the men, and the leader, compelling granny to follow, strode on across the beach.

Inside the old inn, Elfie and her lover were talking earnestly.

"You must go, Rolf. The

cutter lays just outside the cove," the girl said, nervously. "I thought you would see her."

"I have been out of town all day; and it's too dark to-night to see anything. Come, lassie, fly with me. We will never return. This is no life for you. When you are my wife, sweet-heart, silks and jewels'll be none too fine for you. Come away, and we'll have a home of our own that is grand and beautiful, with no granny to grumble and find fault."

She loved this daring fellow, in spite of his lawless deeds. Indeed, she knew no better class of men, for most of her life had been spent among the smugglers on the coast. She had her cheek on his arm, while he bent to receive her answer.

Before she could speak, the heavy oak door was thrown open, and the men from the cutter filed swiftly into the room.

"You may as well surrender, my man," said the leader, throwing open his cloak and revealing the navy blue, with its glittering buttons.

The young outlaw stood like a stag at bay. In the confusion Elfie had slipped from his arms, and out of the door. He was very glad that—she was out of danger.

For an instant there was a dead silence, and then, as the leader took one step forward, Rolf drew a pair of revolvers from his pockets, leveled them at the men, and shouted them on his desk. "You may as well surrender, my man," said the leader, throwing open his cloak and revealing the navy blue, with its glittering buttons.

"Come on—all of ye!" Only give me a fair chance, and come one at a time!"

His tall, magnificently-built figure towered a full half a head above the others, and his gleaming eyes were full of desperate resolve; but he looked into the barrels of six loaded pistols, and the men were determined to capture their prize.

"Surrender, or we will fire!"

At that moment a clear, sweet whistle rang above the wailing of the storm and tumult in the small room.

Rolf's quick ear recognized it. Elfie had learned it from his own lips, and had often helped him from danger by that call. While the men hesitated, and involuntarily glanced over their shoulders to ascertain if possible from whence the sound came, the young smuggler, with a wild hurrah, and a blessing in his heart for Elfie, leaped upon the fist of the blue-coats, and, knocking the pistol from his hand, made another spring for the door. But a sharp report rang out, and he felt a stinging sensation in his right arm; another bullet severed a lock of his hair. Turning, he took aim with the revolver in his left hand and fired; one of the cutter's men uttered a sharp cry, and throwing up his arms fell to the floor. Another pistol met the bold fellow at the door, but he struck it up with his weapon and rushed out into the night, with two or three bullets whistling about his ears.

Again that clear whistle came to him, and, following the sound, he reached the corner of the inn, where he found Elfie waiting with his horse.

"Bless you, my girl!" he murmured.

With one leap he was upon the animal's back. He bent from the saddle and held out one hand.

"Will you come, sweet-heart?"

Without a pause she caught his hand and swung herself up before him.

There was a word to the horse, a reckless, defiant shout sent back at their pursuers, and they were gone in the deep blackness of the night.

No Use for Guards.

In the spring of 1865, when Sheridan's cavalry moved up the Shenandoah Valley to have a last wrestle with Early's troopers, a halt was made by a portion of the Union force near Wrynesboro. Guards were thrown out to protect property, and among others the house of a lone and aged widow received such protection. Two dismounted cavalrymen were stationed at the front door and it was half an hour or so before any stir in or around the house gave token that it was inhabited. Then the widow limped to the door on a crutch and called one of the guards to her and asked:

"What are you doing here?"

"We are guards to protect you and your property," was the reply.

"Well, you needn't foot away any time here. Early he come and he took our hay. Then Sheridan he come and he took our corn. Then Mosby he stole our hams and bacon. Then Sheridan took our flour and cider. Then Early run off our horses. All I had left this morning was an old sick mule and meal enough for one loaf of cake. The mule he died two hours ago, and I've just eaten the last of the cake, and if you can find anything worth guarding around here you can have it and tote it off."

"But some of the soldiers may disturb you."

"I guess not," she said, as she pointed to the spot where the cannon-ball had torn through the house. "The day that hole was shot through there I was rocking and singing the Pilgrim's Hope, and I didn't miss a rock nor drop a note. I don't hardly think one brigade of horse-soldiers can disturb me very much. You'll oblige me by joggin' along!"

Chambers' Journal tells us: "Ludlow street, a very unsavory quarter of New York, is inhabited chiefly, if not wholly, by Poles. They are the cat meat purveyors of that city, hunting the streets at night to capture cats for sausage. Three of them especially devote themselves to getting, feeding and breeding cats for the table. The cats captured are carefully examined. Those in good plight are at once killed. The others are fattened. When kept in a yard, the walls are smeared with something so obnoxious to the feline nature, that no cat will pass it. A recent visitor to a Ludlow street yard says: 'It presented a most amusing spectacle. About one hundred cats of all sizes, colors, and ages, were sleeping, eating, quarreling, and cat-ewauling; all grades being represented, from the handsome Angora and Maltese to the homely backyard Tom. When considered fit for eating the cats are sold to small butchers who make a specialty of cat sausage. The delicacy has a ready sale, which is ever increasing. Those who indulge in it declare

they eat it with pleasure to any rabbit."

Justice S. J. Field as a Dilettant.

During Mr. Field's legislative days in the California legislature the members were little else than walking arsenals. Two-thirds of them carried either bowie-knives or pistols. Some flourished both. When a member entered the house he unstrapped his revolvers and laid them on his desk. It was done with as little concern as hanging up a hat; and it excited neither surprise nor comment. There was a hot debate over the proposed impeachment of Judge Turner. At the conclusion of Mr. Field's argument, E. B. Moore, of Tuolumne, arose to reply. He opened his drawer, cocked his revolver and laid them on his desk. Then he launched himself on a sea of vituperation. Mr. Field was handled without gloves. The most offensive epithets were used, and the speaker openly declared himself responsible for his language at any time and place. Mr. Field answered Mr. Moore's arguments, but made no allusions to his personal remarks. After the adjournment, however, he was asked S. A. Merritt to bear a note to Mr. Moore, demanding an apology or satisfaction. Mr. Merritt refused, through fear of being disqualified for office. Mr. Richardson, another member, also declined. Happening into the senate-chamber, the jurist saw a stone-cutter seated at his desk, writing. He was David C. Broderick, president of the state senate. They were bowing acquaintances. "Why judge, you don't look well," said Broderick. "What's the matter?"

"Well, I don't feel well," Field replied. "I don't seem to have a friend in the world."

"What worries you?" inquired the stone-cutter.

The jurist gave the particulars of Moore's assault upon his character, and said that, at all hazards, he was determined to call him to account.

"Well, I'll be your friend," Broderick replied. "Write your note; I will deliver it."

The jurist wrote the note at an adjoining desk, and Broderick placed it in Moore's hands. The latter gentleman crawled. He said that he expected to be a candidate for congress and that he could not accept a challenge because that act would disqualify him. "I have no objection to a street fight, however," he added. The stone-cutter replied that a street fight was not the thing among gentlemen, but if Moore could do no better he should be accommodated. He forthwith named time and place, and Moore promised to be on hand. Within an hour, however, he changed his mind. He informed Broderick that the Hon. Drury Baldwin would act as his friend and deliver a reply to the note of Mr. Field.

Broderick called upon Drury Baldwin, and asked for a reply to the note. Baldwin replied that his friend had made up his mind to drop the matter. "Then," said the stone-cutter, "as soon as the house meets, Mr. Field will rise in his seat and repeat Mr. Moore's language as to his responsibility. He will state that respect for the dignity of the house prevented him from replying to the attack in terms that it deserved when it was made, and, after detailing Moore's refusal to give him satisfaction, he will denounce him as a liar and a coward."

"Then," said Drury Baldwin, "Judge Field will be shot in his seat."

"In that case," rejoined Broderick, "others will be shot in their seats."

At the opening of the house, Mr. Field took his seat at his desk as usual. Broderick was seated near him, with eight or nine personal friends, all armed to the teeth and ready for any emergency. When the journal was read both Field and Moore sprang to their feet, and shouted, "Mr. Speaker!" That officer recognized "the gentleman from Tuolumne," and Field resumed his seat. Moore read a written apology, full, ample and satisfactory.

Fashions for Debutantes.

Very young ladies, when first appearing in society should be dressed for these occasions in very fresh and simple toilettes. The graceful, slender figure at that age admits of certain styles which can only then be used.

An example of the fashion is the "robe à la vierge" and the "corset à l'enfant" which consist of a blouse with a belt and small shoulder-pieces.

The "jeune martyre" style is a kind of Grecian tight-fitting costume, forming two peplum points; in fact all

styles are resolved for this purpose which are suited to very young women.

After the age of twenty years ladies have many more privileges, and are then allowed to wear what are really young ladies' styles.

It is much to be regretted that the very youthful fashion above described is not retained for a longer time. This distinction is much more observed by Parisian than by American ladies.

The answer is this: We have

sixty divisions on the dials of our

clocks and watches, because the old

Grecian astrophemis Hipparchus, who

lived in the second century before

Christ, accepted the Babylonian sys-

tem of reckoning time, this system being sexagesimal. The Babylonians

were acquainted with the decimal system; but for common and practical purposes, they counted by *sosses* and *sari*, the *sossos* representing six-

ty, and the *sarios*, sixty times sixty, is thirty-six hundred. From Hipparchus, that mode of reckoning found its way into the works of Ptolemy, about 150 A. D., and hence was carried down the stream of science and civilization, and found the way to our

modern calendar.

Hours and Minutes.

Wise is one hour divided into sixty

minutes and each minute again into

seconds. Why not divide our

time as we do our money, tens, count-

ing ten, or fifty, or one hundred minutes to an hour. This question was

asked by an intelligent boy a few days

since; and the answer given him may

both interest and instruct other young

people. The answer is this: We have

sixty divisions on the dials of our

clocks and watches, because the old

Grecian astrophemis Hipparchus, who

lived in the second century before

Christ, accepted the Babylonian sys-

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modern calendar.

Tribune Agents.

Mr. J. H. Bates, newspaper advertising agent at Park Row, Tribune Building, New York, is authorized to contract for advertisements in THE TRIBUNE, at our lowest rates.

Geo. R. Howell & Co., newspaper advertising agents, are authorized to make contracts for this paper at our lowest rates. A file of this paper may be seen at the New York office.

Chas. K. Miller & Co., newspaper advertising agents, 67 Fifth Avenue, building, Chicago, Ill., are authorized agents to contract advertising for this paper at our lowest rates.

Official Directory.

COURT OFFICIALS THIRD JUDICIAL DISTRICT.
JUDGE.—A. H. Barnes, Fargo, D. T.
DISTRICT ATTORNEY.—J. A. Stoyell, Bismarck.
CLERK.—E. N. Clegg, Bismarck.
DEPUTY U. S. MARSHAL.—Alex McKenzie, Bismarck.

U. S. OFFICIALS.
B. E. Kirk, Captain, U. S. M. C., Depot Q. M.
E. M. Brown, Lieut. Officer in charge U. S. Mil. Tel.
E. M. Brown, U. S. Land Office.
Peter Mautz, Register, U. S. Land Office.
D. A. Loughran, Deputy Collector U. S. Customs.
John Gammie, Deputy Collector U. S. Customs.
Frank P. Brown, Deputy Collector Internal Revenue.
E. N. Clegg, U. S. Commissioner.

COUNTY OFFICIALS.

COUNTY CLERK AND REGISTER OF DEEDS.—John H. Richards.
REIFF.—Alexander McKeown.
CLERK.—John W. B. Watson.
JUDGE OF PROBATE.—Emerson N. Corey.
SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—J. Bragg.
COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.—Frank Donnelly, Joseph D. Johnson, John F. O'Neil.
COUNTY SURVEYOR.—C. W. Thompson.
CLERK.—John Quisen.
JUSTICE ASSESSOR.—P. Malloy.
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.—E. B. Ware, Bismarck. Matt. Edgerly, Mandan.

CITY OFFICIALS.

MAYOR.—George Peoples.
CITY CLERK.—John Wakeman.
CITY CLERK.—John Malloy.
CITY ATTORNEY.—John E. Carland.
CITY MAGISTRATE.—Geo. Glass.
CHIEF OF POLICE.—John Clegg.
ALDERMAN.—Wm. Messer, J. G. Malloy, M. J. Ballou, Gus Thornwald, Louis Westhauser, P. Comeford.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Rev. J. G. Miller, B.D., Rector.
METHODIST CHURCH.—J. M. Bull, Pastor.
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—W. C. Stevens, Pastor.
CATHOLIC CHURCH.—P. John Cartyson Potts, O. S. B., Rector.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NORTHERN PACIFIC, Arrives every Sunday except
the 1st, leaves at 7 a.m.; departs at 7 a.m.;
Arrives Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8:30 a.m.
Leave for Fort Stevenson, Berthold and Be-
fond every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday at 8:30 a.m.
Leave for Fort Keogh and Miles City, and all points
daily, except Sunday, at 6 a.m.; arriving at
Bismarck daily, except Sunday, at 8 p.m.

Leave for Fort Keogh and Miles City, and all points
daily, except Sunday, at 8 a.m.; arriving at
Bismarck daily, except Sunday, at 8 p.m.

Leave for Fort Davis, and all points daily, except
Sunday, at 8 a.m.; arriving at Bismarck daily, except
Sunday, at 4 p.m.

Leave daily, at 8 p.m.

Leave for Fort Verde by steamboat, Benton line,
every Wednesday.

Baggage mails for all points close at 5 p.m.

Office open from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sundays from 7 to 9 a.m., and 4 to 6 p.m.

BISMARCK BUSINESS CARDS

JOHN A. STOYELL—Attorney, 13 N. Fourth st.

DAVID STEWART—Attorney, Fourth Street.

JOHN E. CARLAND—Attorney, (City Attorney), 64 Main st.

F. FLANNERY & WETHERBY—Attorneys, 47 Main Street, Geo. P. Flannery J. K. Wetherby.

A. T. BIGELOW, D. D. S.

Dental Rooms, 12 W. Main st.

H. R. PORTER, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon.

U. S. Examining Physician, Office 27 Main st., next to Tribune Block.

BANK OF BISMARCK, W. B. BILL, President. Cashier. A general banking business transacted. Interest allowed on time deposits. Collections promptly attended to.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, WALTER MANN, President, GEO II FARNHORN, Cashier. Correspondents—American Exchange National Bank, New York; Merchants National Bank, St. Paul.

W. M. A. BENTLEY, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon.

Calls left on the slate in the office will receive prompt attention. Office 27 Main st., Tribune Block.

HOTELS.

Sheridan House,

H. H. BLY, Proprietor.

The largest and best Hotel in Dakota Territory.

CORNER MAIN AND FIFTH STREETS,

BISMARCK, D. T.

MERCHANTS HOTEL,

Cor. Main and 3d St.

BISMARCK, D. T.

L. N. GRIFFIN, Proprietor.

Building new and commodious, rooms large, comfortable and tastily furnished. First-class in every particular. Bills reasonable.

CUSTER HOTEL,

THOS. McGOWAN, Proprietor.

Fifth Street near Main.

Bismarck, D. T.

This house is a large three story building entirely new, well lighted and heated, situated only a few rods from the depot. River men, railroad men, miners and army people will find every accommodation at reasonable rates.

OSTLAND'S LIVERY & FEED STABLE,

Cor. Fifth and Main Sts.

Buggies and Saddle Horses for hire by the day or hour at reasonable rates.

My Buggies and Harness are now and of the best manufacture and style, and our stock good. Farther west than for any great distance can be accommodated at a fair price.

My stable is large and airy, and accommodations for boarding stock the best in the country.

33-5m

O. H. BEAL, DEALER IN

Fire Arms, Ammunition,

Fishing Tackle, &c.

Sharps and Winchester Rifles

Specialty.

Particular attention given to Repairing.

Orders by Mail Promptly Filled.

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Railways.

St. Louis, Minneapolis & St. Paul SHORT LINE.

Composed of the

Minneapolis and St. Louis, Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern, and Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroads.

Making the shortest line for the best time between St. Louis and Minneapolis in the South, Southwest and Midwest, and the most prominent of which are Lake Minnetonka and White Bear Lake, of the North. A direct line between Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, and all points East.

Established at all the important coupon ticket stations throughout the South, East and West, and Peoria.

Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars of latest make and improvements on through express trains. BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH. Tickets and sleeping car berths can be secured.

In Minneapolis—At City Ticket Office, No. 8 Washington Street, W. G. Teller, agent, and at St. Paul & Peoria.

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A. H. BODD, Gen. Pass. Agt.

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Wines, Liquors and Cigars

ST. PAUL BUSINESS CARDS

RAIG & LARKIN—Importers and dealers in Crocks, French China, Glassware, Lamps, Looking Glasses, and House Furnishing Goods. Third St., St. Paul.

PERKINS & LYONS—Importers and dealers in Fine Wines and Liquors, Old Bourbon and Eye Whiskies, California Wines and Brandies, Scotch Ale, Dublin and London Porter. No. 31 Robert-st, St. Paul.

MINNEAPOLIS CARDS

MERCHANTS HOTEL—Corner 3d-st and 1st-ave, north. \$2 per day; located in the very centre of business—two blocks from the post office and suspension bridge; street cars to all depots and all parts of the city pass within one block of the house. J. LAMONT, Prop.

JOHN C. OSWALD,

Wholesale Dealer in

Wines, Liquors and Cigars

17 WASHINGTON-AVE, MINN.

Plow Works.

T. T. Ferguson, President. W. E. Jackson, Jr., Secy and Treas.

ESTABLISHED, 1860.

Monitor Plow Works

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Manufacturers of the celebrated Monitor Plows, Breakers, Cultivators, Sulky Hay Rakes, Hand Corn Planters, Road Scrapers, &c. The Ferguson Sulky Plow. This Sulky Plow contains some novel improvements, none other having ever had.

A. J. COOPER, General Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.

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WINONA, LA CROSSE, SPARTA, OWA-

TONNA, PRAIRIE DU CHIEN,

McGREGOR, MADISON,

Milwaukee, Chicago,

and all Intermediate Points in

Minnesota, Wisconsin & Northern Iowa

New York.

Philadelphia, Baltimore,

Washington, New England, the Canadas, and all

EASTERN AND SOUTHERN POINTS.

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3 DAILY TRAINS

Between

Chicago and St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Fine Woolens And Trimmings

82 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.—9y1

CEO. C. GIBBS & CO., PIONEER

BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP

Corner Third and Thayer Streets,

BISMARCK, D. T.

None but the best of workmen employed, and we challenge competition.

N. DUNKLEBERG,

General Dealer in

Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Doors,

Mouldings Window Glass.

BUILDING MATERIAL

of all kinds.

BISMARCK, D. T.

John P. Hoagland,

Carpenter and Builder,

Fifth St. Near Custer Hotel,

BISMARCK, D. T.

Contracting and Building of every nature.

Special attention given to Fine Job Work.

HOSTETTER'S

CELEBRATED

HOSTETTER'S

WHITE RIVER.

MRS. J. V. E. COOK.

Winding through the forest,
Gilding over the plain;
Sparkling in the sunshine,
Laughing in the rain.
Through the city,
Through the fields of corn,
Runs a rippling river,
Beautiful as morn.
Patient as its mission,
Lonely though its course,
Bearing in its bosom
Love's secret force.
All subdued and gentle,
Overriding strife,
For the lives it saves,
Spending all its life.
As I stand beside it
Comes a thought of one
(Falls a tear—I hide it);
Patient as the sun
Was ever, bearing
Sorrows gently;
All our griefs it shares,
With a childlike chee;
Cheerful as a sunbeam;
Tender, true and brave;
And a deathless halo
Shines around his grave.
No revelation
Will tell me when the end
But the form beneath it,
I should trust in God.
No light apparel
To my soul was given,
His memory eternal
Were but enough of heaven.

McKee, Ind.

COUSIN EDWARD.

How He Learned His Lesson.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh, what have I done! What have I done!" exclaimed Nellie, under her breath, as sad and dismayed she hurried up the garden path. "He will never be kind to me any more. How could I have said such things!" And her hands trembled so that she could scarcely lift the latch of the old-fashioned door, and she turned away to quiet herself a little before going in.

The garden was lovely and luxuriant, and heavy dews, weighing down the heads of all the beautiful blossoms, made it still more lovely in the calm, clear light of the moon which shone so brightly overhead. But with a sigh Nellie crept out of the glory of silver light, and paced to and fro beneath a row of rugged elms, whose far-spreading branches cast a fretwork of shadow over the flowery borders and neatly-graveled paths below.

Nellie glanced up at the rambling old farm-house, which had been her home for so many years. How she loved it! Every nook and corner that it contained was dear to her.

"I have it and all in it left to me," she said, in a soft, sad tone, "and dear father and mother, too. A happy, happy home it has always been, and I am thankful for it! But, oh, Edward! how could you be so unkind? Oh! how could you?"

She listened, fancying she could hear his departing footsteps yet. And perhaps she might have done so.

With lofty looks and disdainful curve of his rather-thin lips, he was on his way home, along the winding lanes. He was a man of five-and-thirty, while Nellie was scarcely 20. She was simple and innocent as a child, but he had learned many a lesson in the school of life ere this. Yet another was in store for him, and probably another and another, for while we live we must learn; and we will learn—so foolish are we—in the most costly and laborious way, for the most part. "Experience keeps a dear school," says the proverb, "but fools will go to no other." And are we not all fools until hard and inexorable experience has knocked and kneaded wisdom into us? And one lesson which Edward Melville prided himself on having learned was the value of money. He was a bachelor, and so he made up his mind he would remain until he could find a woman with money who would be his wife. He himself was a country doctor, and, with a very small and not increasing practice, it would never do to marry and have but that to depend upon, he told himself.

He had generally escorted Nellie to her own door, after their evening walks, but this evening he had left her just outside the gate. He was her aunt's step-son. She had known him all her young life, and had always called him Cousin Edward, all unsuspecting of the feeling which was steadily gaining strength within her heart, till this evening. And Edward, for his part, had always treated her as a mere child,

"A glorious night!" he murmured, as he leisurely pursued his way; and as he looked round at the mist and trees and wayside brook, and picturesque farm-houses dotted here and there, all sleeping in the moonlight, the distainful curve left his lips, and pride and hauteur smoothed them—cives away from his brow.

"Poor little Nellie!" he said, again, with something like a cajolament smile. "I suppose, then, that she cares a little more for me than I deserve. It is a great bore, for, of course it is out of the question that I should—that I could."

He paused, and began humming a tune, and switching the dew-laden hedge with his walking-stick.

"No," he presently recommended, "one must have enough to be comfortable. And Nellie has got nothing, and I have got next to nothing. One may put up with the want of a little sentiment, I should imagine, if one has a tolerable settlement in life. At all events, I mean to try it."

CHAPTER II.

"You will go to meet Miss Bassett, suppose, Nellie?" inquired her mother.

"Oh, yes, mother. Edward was good enough to say that he would drive me to the station in his dog-cart, and he will bring us both home, too. He says that a rich young lady like Miss Bassett will not care to walk a mile, even along our lovely lanes, he is sure."

Perhaps there was the slightest undertone of sarcasm in Nellie's voice, for mother glanced at her as if in surprise, without replying.

Edward had given Nellie, bit by bit, and with a good deal of tact, his ideas upon the subject of money, and of the comfort to be derived from a proper use of it. Outwardly the two were as good friends as ever. At heart, however, he was carefully on his guard, while Nellie, tender and good-natured, though she was, could not help slightly despising him.

Miss Bassett was an old schoolfellow of Nellie's, and a great heiress, and she had taken a fancy to spend the remainder of the summer in the old tumble-down farm-house which Nellie called home.

Edward was very attentive, even specially kind to Nellie, on their way to the station, and her heart went out to him again. "If only I had not said that to him," she thought, as the dog-cart stopped, and he carefully lifted her out. "I hope—O, I do hope that he may forget it."

The train ran in. There was pretty Grace Bassett's face at a first-class carriage window, and in a few minutes she was seated in the dog-cart beside Edward, chatting to and laughing with him as if she had known him for years; and Nellie had taken the seat behind. And that was not the only drive they had, nor the only evening they spent in chatting and laughing. Nellie and her father and mother—all three, and many of the neighbors besides, soon saw what it would come to. And Nellie grew older and graver day by day. But as yet she kept her own secret, and she hoped more and more that Edward had forgotten her foolish, thoughtless words on a certain moonlight night, now some seven or eight weeks ago.

At last the engagement was announced. Grace Bassett had no friends to interfere with her, and, flattered by Edward's attentions, and quite believing that she loved him "quite enough for happiness," she had agreed that the marriage should take place as soon as all needful arrangements could be made.

"You know, Nellie," said she, as the two sat sewing in the garden one hot afternoon, while Edward was out on his rounds, "it really does not do to love a person too much. You are certain to become a slave to his whims and caprices if you do. I have always made up my mind that I would marry a man who loved me, and that if I had a reasonable liking for him in return he would not expect or even wish anything more."

Nellie made some reply, she scarcely knew what, and then she went on thinking the matter over. Had she been exalting love to an undue value? With her it had stood before everything. "If a man would give all the substance of his house for love it would utterly be condemned." She had entirely indorsed the sentiment. But now was it possible that she had made a mistake? Gracie Bassett was a year or two older than herself, and probably knew better than she did. Nevertheless, at the conclusion of her cogitations, Nellie shook her head, and half smiled and half sighed as she answered:

"Well, you have, of course, a right to your own opinion, Gracie, but I must say I don't agree with you. I think that I would rather die than marry a man whom I did not love with all my heart."

And Nellie gathered up her sewing and went into the house, singing as she went:

Love shall still be lord of us.

CHAPTER III.

The wedding was over. The honeymoon was over also, and Mrs. Melville, richly dressed, and looking very lovely, with Edward as an attentive and devoted husband beside her, was receiving her guests.

Nellie was among them. She was plainer than usual, and her free, happy, girlish laugh was gone forever. Yet she, too, looked lovely this afternoon, in her pretty blue silk dress and cottage bonnet, and there was a sweetness and beauty in the expression of her gentle young face that went far beyond any mere beauty of feature.

The house was handsome and well-appointed, the servants were models of attentive respect. All seemed as it should be. Nellie stayed the remainder of the day, and saw nothing that she did not like. Edward was forever on the watch to please Gracie, and she, for her part, took all it as her due, and so gave him her sweetest smiles in return. What more could be wanted?

Only a few weeks passed. Nellie was invited to dine with them. After dinner they were moving about the drawing-room, and Grace was exhibiting to Nellie some choice bouquets of flowers which had been sent her that morning. They had all been arranged on one table, in accordance with a whim of the young wife, who declared that the effect of their richness and color was lost when they were scattered.

But Edward had not heard her say this.

"Let me put this blue vase here, Gracie," he unwittingly began, removing it, as he spoke, to another table. "There! It shows to advantage now!"

Grace, with heightened color, deliberately walked to the table, and, taking up the vase, restored it to its former position.

"It is quite out of the way there," she said, stiffly, "and this is where I wish it to be, Edward."

"How great a matter a little fire kindle!" Edward's color also rose, yet he did not look angry.

"And I wish that it should stand here," he returned, once more taking up the vase, and then he added, half reproachfully, half playfully, "you promised to obey me, Gracie, did you not?"

"Don't be so ridiculous, Edward."

And her eyes flashed, and she looked as if she would have dashed the flowers from his hand, and before he could set them down she had taken them from him, and finally placed them in the particular spot she had chosen.

Edward looked pained, and Nellie mused wonderingly over it all, as he, in moody silence, escorted her home. Could all this have happened in a house where love was lord? No, indeed. "A woman," thought Nellie, "who loves, loves also to obey."

But this proved to be only the beginning of small discomforts and disagreements. Many months passed. Grace grew more imperious than ever, and Edward's face lost all its brightness, and he seemed day by day to grow old and silent and sad. And when Nellie went to see them now, she found that unless Grace expected visitors she took but small pains with herself, remarking sometimes to Nellie, as they went downstairs for the evening:

"I have not dressed, Nellie. Of course you don't mind, and there's nobody else but Edward."

Nobody but Edward! Love would have made him all the world to Nellie.

"I would wear my prettiest and best dresses for my husband, Gracie," she said. "As for other people, they might go. What should I care for them?"

But Grace only frowned for reply.

Nellie had not been to see them for

some time, and various small circumstances caused her to suspect that they had had a serious quarrel. Grace had gone for a fortnight—all alone—and Nellie's father, taking pity upon solitary, sorrowful-looking Edward, had invited him to spend an evening with them.

After tea he sauntered into the garden, and he was gone so long that Nellie went to look for him. She glanced under the shady trees—it was summer again now—but he was not to be seen. Then she came to the summer-house. Ah, there he was, leaning forward on the little green-painted table, his head in his hands, and Nellie heard him murmur, in a low, moaning tone:

"I wish, oh! I wish—"

The rest was indistinct, and his longing, whatever it might be, was still his own secret. And Nellie passed softly on and indoors.

* * * * *

Grace had a little daughter, but, instead of rejoicing in Edward's house, there was bitter sorrow, and as the young husband knelt by the bedside of his unconscious wife, he felt all the old love for her filling his heart once more.

But what will even the tenderest love avail in hours like these? Grace's last moments were numbered, and she passed away, leaving her little one to Nellie.

And Edward, when the first bemoaning influence of his grief was over, sold his practice—he had no need of it now—and went abroad.

Eighteen months passed away. A man bronzed and bearded stood at the gate of the old farm-house. A little toddling creature ran down the path, her fair curly hair flying in the wind. The stranger caught her up.

"What is your name, little one?"

And in baby-voice she told him "Gracie Melville," and he covered her little face and hair with kisses. But who was this coming out to look for her?

"Auntie Nellie!" she said, in pretty piping treble, and slid down from her father's arms.

"Cousin Edward!" exclaimed Nellie, gladly, the color rising rapidly to her usually quiet, pale face.

And he shook hands with her; then, keeping the hand he had taken, he led her indoors.

* * * * *

"And will you tell me now, once more, Nellie, dearest, that you love me better than any one else in the world?"

Nellie swiftly covered his mouth with her hand, while burning blushing dyed her cheeks.

"Oh, Cousin Edward, do please forget that I ever said so!"

"Not likely," he returned, smilingly. "Ah, Nellie," and he was serious now, "I have learned my lesson since that evening. I have learned to value love, not as it deserves, but at least to set it above everything earthly. My Nellie! do not tell me that your love for me is dead!"

Never mind Nellie's reply. Two months from that day she became Edward's wife, and he never had the smallest need to remind her that she had promised to obey him, simply because she loved him, and to do as he wished was a pleasure.

And, having at great risk and cost learned his lesson, Edward strove to teach it to others, and to more than one young man he gave in confidence the advice: "If you wish to be happy, marry only a woman who loves you. Neither money nor position, nor anything else, can bear the least comparison with love, which will outlive them all."

To Encourage Agriculture.

The Lima-Kilm Club Committee on Agriculture reported that all space wanted by the club at the State fair could be secured, and recommended that the members bestir themselves on the matter of entries. After considerable discussion it was resolved to offer premiums as follows in the name of the club:

1. For the largest watermelon grown in a cornfield eighty rods from a house, a prize of a wheelbarrow with red handles. Exhibitors must make affidavit that they did not set a watch on the melon-patch. In case no colored man lived within two miles of the cornfield, the exhibit will not count.

2. For the biggest possum grown in the State, a prize of 50 cents in cash.

3. For the best lot of ten dogs owned by any one colored family in the State, a prize of a grindstone making forty-four revolutions per minute.

4. For a dozen fowls which have roosted each night for six months in a hen-coop not guarded by a bear-trap, alarm-bell, spring-gun or other device to prevent a full and fair investigation of their manner of roosting, a prize of a photograph of an ice-house containing fifty tons of ice.

Later on several other premiums will probably be offered, and the club intends to offer a prize for the best specimen of frescoing on a board fence with a whitewash brush, competition open to the world.—Detroit Free Press.

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BREVITIES.

COLORADO has many men of many mines.

To prop an acquaintance it is not necessary to knock him down.

The library of the University of St. Petersburg contains 132,394 volumes.

A SHORT-TAILED dog is unable to express his feelings without great exertion.

"Define a gentleman," you say? Well, yes, I think He's as gentle as a woman, and as manly as a man.

I can assure you that

All the railroads leading into Texas are carrying well-filled coaches of emigrants.

The rice crop of Louisiana this year was one of the largest and best ever grown there.

It is believed that the Egyptian cotton will be 2,500,000 pounds less than that of 1878.

A widow in Macon sells annually \$500 worth of vegetables from half an acre of ground.

There is a rumor that Mr. Emerson will visit England next year, chiefly to see Mr. Carlyle.

CANADA's surplus of oats is about 7,500,000 bushels—and they are not wild oats,

LOCAL LEAVES!
Torn From the Tribune Reporter's Note-Book.

Dunn & Co., druggists, 92 Main street.
Ye who have ulcers prepare to don them now.

The new stock yards are as fine as any in the country.

Hundreds are now coming to Dakota for their health.

Capt. Maguire will establish meridian time at Fort Stevenson.

Buffalo are now reported below old Fort Peck, on the Missouri.

Ducks and geese, though plenty, are not so abundant as last season.

Stock cattle are worth from \$20 to \$30 per head in Chouteau county, M. T.

Capt. Nolan's company of the 5th Cavalry, has been ordered to Fort Totten.

The Criterian reports the marriage of Kittie Howe and Thomas Bush, both of Mandan.

The Benton Record reports more rich placer gold discoveries in the Yogo district.

Four sacks of mail arrive daily from the east for Bismarck and surrounding country.

As doeth the crows hover about a corn-field so likewise do men seek office in the fall time.

Joe Dietrich wears a smile of satisfaction. Caused, no doubt, by a little girl visitor at his house.

Cars are now running one hundred and fifty-five miles west of Bismarck on the North Pacific Railroad.

Many Peoples has made sundry improvements in his hardware store, notably among which is an office.

The inhabitants of Pierie are disappointed. The town and the prices are not what was expected.

John Smith, who is running for sheriff of Custer county, Montana, will get many votes on the Northern Pacific extension.

Henry Wilson is on his way to this city from Montana with a large herd of beef cattle belonging to Geo. Clendenin.

'Tis now the time when store vendors smile a smile of contentment and offer an extra coat of blacking attached to each partner visitor.

The social party at the Merchants Wednesday night was a pleasant affair. "Repeat the dose," is the verdict of all the participants.

A large number of men were busy this week in repairing Apple Creek bridges. The North Pacific does not intend to let winter get the best of its season.

Mr. Elm Emmons has sold his cigar and news stand to Mr. Walter Sterland, formerly of the Opera House. Mr. Emmons will spend the winter in Sioux City.

Capl. Pierson's company of the 17th Infantry and a company of the 11th, under Lieut. J. E. Macklin are building a cantonment at Glendive where they will winter.

The Marble Combination will not arrive until Monday. They remain an extra night in Emerson and Manitoba, by special request. Monday night they will appear here.

Walker, Bellows & Co.'s contract will be completed when the three miles of very heavy work, now being done by Lord, Fogerty & Co. near the Little Missouri is finished.

The North Pacific track is now five miles west of the Little Missouri. Two construction trains daily leave Mandan for the front crossing the Little Missouri on a temporary bridge.

The late M. E. conference granted the mission at Bismarck (\$600 per annum) Rev. J. M. Bell was assigned to Bismarck for another year. Mr. J. B. Starkey, of Fargo, continues as presiding elder.

Billy Matthe, the great comedian, with his refined and excellent dramatic company, commence their engagement in Raymond's Hall, Monday, Oct. 25th. Turn out, everybody, and give them an overwhelming house.

Messrs Hayes & Davis are perfectly reliable for tree planting either on timber claims or for shade or ornament. They have a large force of men at work and are shipping or plating at reasonable rates.

A young man named Donovan, for some time past clerk for Broadwater, Jubilee & Co., Fort Assinaboino, was taken ill on board the Meade last Monday and died. His remains were interred here and the news sent to his friends at Yankton.

The family of Hon. Edmund Hackett left on Tuesday by steamer for Fort Pierre where they will hereafter reside. Mr. Hackett has taken a fraction of government land between Pierre and the river and will realize a fortune if he holds it.

The supply camp has moved from Green River to the Little Missouri, and almost all engaged in trade at the former point have gone west excepting Henry Dion, H. J. Quinn and a few others, but they all go this week. Henry Dion goes to the Yellowstone.

Hon. E. P. Wells will arrive at Bismarck this evening and will spend a day or two in the end of the district for the purpose of making the acquaintance of Bismarck people. He will receive the full republican vote at Jamestown and ought to receive it also in this county.

Amusement-loving citizens will have an opportunity of witnessing first-class performances to be given by the Marble combination, which open a season of nine nights, Monday, Oct. 25th. Patronize them liberally, as they are worthy. Secure your seats at Holleback's drug store without extra charge.

Mr. Joseph Dilworth, a Northern Pacific director, and a party consisting of Dr. W. T. Beauv, H. K. Porter, Frank Simplic, of Pittsburgh, and Mr. C. F. Kindred, of the Northern Pacific land department of Brainerd, left Saturday morning for the extension and returned in time to be attached to yesterday's train east.

The commissioners of Burleigh county having established voting precincts in the unorganized counties, even in the far end of the track, anticipating fraud, the republican committee has asked for the appointment of half a dozen special deputy U. S. marshals, with instructions to protect the polls and prevent illegal voting.

The democrats have gone back on Dennis Hannifin. He fitted up his headquarters at great expense and employed an artist to wait upon them in the hope that a few good Hancock and English dollars might reach his till through the patronage of his friends and friends of the cause. But the boys don't go near Dennis. Not a man of them thinks of bringing around their friends and Dennis bites his lip, paces the streets rapidly, smiles wickedly occasionally, and you bet your life something is going to break. Dennis has re-

ceived his full meed of glory but appreciation and patronage would fit him now.

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic cures indigestion and all disorders of the stomach.

The Only Place

In town to find the hobby Cigarette Hat is at DAN EISENBERG'S.

Blank Books

and Stationery at DUNN & CO.

Best Select Oysters

Received daily by W. H. THURSTON & CO.

Ask Anybody

Who is a judge of a good meal, where to go and they will tell you to go to FORTSEN'S.

Contracts Made

For coal at St. Paul prices with freight added J. W. RAYMOND & CO.

All the Rage

Those dear little Turban Hats at DAN EISENBERG'S.

Nicaragua Saloon

Merchants Hotel, sets the best luncheon in the city, every night in the week.

MARSH & WAKEMAN

Glasses' and Children's Shoes

At bottom prices at MARSHALL'S

Send your orders for Oysters to

W. H. THURSTON & CO.

Frosted-Cream Meals

Furnished at Forster's Restaurant on short notice.

Just Received

Fifty tons Hard Coal, Two Hundred tons Baby Mine at J. W. RAYMOND & CO.

Gift Edge Butter

at Logan's on 3d street.

Screen Doors.

Go to Bowstick & Arnold's for screen doors.

Winter Coal

Make your arrangements for winter coal be fore the advances J. W. RAYMOND & CO.

Oversoats, Oversoats.

Schiffel, the Merchant Tailor, is prepared to furnish every one with Oversoats at popular prices.

An Excellent Lunch

At the Merchants' bar every evening.

Window Glass of all sizes.

Dunn & Co.

Oysters, Oysters.

The celebrated Gold Seal brand Oysters received daily at DUNN & CO.

Notice.

An person or persons knowing the present address or whereabouts of Bernard Campion of Company B Sixth Infantry, will confer a favor by sending his address to this office.

THURSTON.

Bismarck, D. T., Oct. 22, 1880.

Sure Your Tree Claims.

Lack of attention will lose a valuable claim. The country is getting up and claimants and the timber culture are increasing. It is important to make a strict compliance of the law. If you have not got the time to get out your own trees send your orders to Mitchell, Emerson & Co., Bismarck, and they will supply you with the whitest young cottonwood tree that grows west of the Mississippi. The Missouri river bottoms, the cottonwood timber of America, and don't you eastern folks forget it? They will also tell you how to make a thousand trees take the

place of three thousand and at the same time comply with both the spirit and letter of the law.

By Universal Accord.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS are the best of all purgatives for family use. They are the product of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, and their extensive use, by Physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, proves them the best and most effectual purgative Pill that medical science can devise. Being purely vegetable no harm can arise from their use. An intrinsic value and curative powers no other Pill can compare with them, and every person, knowing their virtues, will employ them, when needed. They keep the system in perfect order, and maintain in healthy action the whole machinery of life. Mild, gentle and effectual, they are especially adapted to the needs of the digestive apparatus, derangements of which they prevent and cure if timely taken. They are the best and safest physic to employ for children and weakened constitutions, where a mild, but effectual cathartic is required.

Taken Up.

A roan pony, at the crossing of Burnt Creek, Burleigh county, D. T. Oct. 1st. The owner will please call, prove property and pay charges. C. M. YOUNG.

A Bargain.

I will sell my farm of 100 acres, 50 acres under cultivation, for \$1000. I have 100 milk Cows, a lot of Poultry, one Mower and Rake, Harrows, Cultivators and other farm and garden tools. Also 1000 bushels of potatoes, 500 bushels of oats, 400 bushels of wheat, 300 bushels onions and a lot of cabbage, beets, carrots, &c. One Spring Wagon, Number Wagon, fifty tons of wood, 50 cords dry wood, of which I will sell at a margin for cash. Reasons for selling, to engage in other business. LOUIS NOTREMEYER.

The Spring Tooth Harrow is the best. Sold by W. H. Thurston & Co.

Select Oysters received daily by express. Thurston & Co.

Lamps and Fixtures

A fine selection at DUNN & CO.

Marsh & Wakeman

Have fitted up the Niagara Sample Room in elegant style. Call in every night and sample their lunch.

You Should Stop at the Merchants.

When visiting Bismarck. Their accommodations can not be surpassed.

MARSH & WAKEMAN.

Forster's on 3d St., Is the Place.

Forster's, on 3d St., Where you can get the best day board in Bismarck at \$5 per week.

Spring Tooth Harrows, all sizes, at W. H. Thurston & Co.'s

The Finest Biscuits

And Liquors and choice Cigars, Imported and Domestic, at George Elder's "O. P. C." Restaurant, Fourth street.

Carpenters Wanted.

C. S. WEAVER & CO.

DRY GOODS.

Dry Goods

Grand Opening at
DAN EISENBERG'S,
On Monday, Oct. 25th, 1880.

A FULL LINE OF

Dry Goods, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Carpets.

I wish to inform the people in the city and surrounding country that I have received my full winter stock, which is now open for inspection. My stock consists of all the latest novelties and staples, as below

mentioned. Give us a call and see all the latest styles.

Our Assortment in Shawls, Cloaks, Ulsters, Felt and Flannel Skirts is now complete, and can not be excelled in the Northwest.

Ladies', Gent's and Children's Underwear

A Specialty, in all sizes and qualities. Children's Combination and Single Suits.

OUR LINE OF HOISERY

Is Complete in Ladies' and Children's French, British and Domestic and almost any shade and quality.

OUR DRESS DEPARTMENT

Is Complete and contains, as usual, the Latest Novelties in the Market. In Cashmeres I have almost any shade and quality, and Trimmings to match. Also a full line of APPLETON DRESS PLANNELS.

LADIES' CLOTHS AND REPELLANTS

A Complete Assortment.

Flannels of all Colors in Quilt and Pressed.

YARNS, YARNS, YARNS.

In Yarns I have a larger and better assortment than any former year. I have a full line of the celebrated Cashmere Yarn never before kept in Bismarck; also a full line of Germantown and Zephyr Wools; also Java, Honeycomb and Burlass Canvas, Slipper Patterns, &c.

LADIES' SHOES.

I have my full fall stock of Ladies' and Childrens' shoes; the best assortment in town, and will be sold at the lowest prices.

We are daily receiving New Fall Goods, and people living up or down the country, who cannot leave to examine these goods, will please send for samples. All orders will be promptly attended to.

Remember the place,

DAN. EISENBERG.

Raymond's brick block, next door to postoffice, Bismarck.

WANTS, FOR SALE, RENT, ETC

For Sale.

FOR SALE—E. H. Bly in addition to his contract with the N. P. for 10,000 tons of coal is prepared to furnish the trade both local and foreign.

26-23

FOR SALE—Hay and oats. Hay in stack or delivered in town. Inquiry of Henry Sulz, one mile south of town on the Apple Creek road.

JAMES McDonald.

FOR RENT OR SALE—The store room in the Tribune block. Enquire of S. Sellck, Stillwater, Minn. 1881

HOTELISTS & Bismarck people generally who have been short of mutton should order of Oscar Ward, who will keep up with the demands of trade no matter how fast Bismarck may increase its population.